ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

BY RICHMOND, HOLL, LONG, HERKOMER, SARGENT AND CAROLUS DURAN.

FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRI London, May 5.

It is remarkable that the Royal Academy Exhibition of this year should contain three portraits of three men so famous and so exsimilar as Prince Bismarck, Mr. ne and Lord Randolph Churchill, and that all three should resemble each other in one essential point: their badness. Mr. W. B. Richmond went to Friedrichsruh to paint the German Chancellor, who gave him sittings, formal and informal. He had, I suppose, all the chances a man could have to study his subject. The result is a Bismarck in putty. Neither blood nor iron has gone to making of this poor creature; nor even human ficsh. The picture is hopelessly weak. This man make a German Empire? He could not run a German hotel. Mr. Richmond has missed all the greatness, all the force, all the character, all the Henity, and even the bigness of the man he has tried to paint. He has made him self-conscious: made him like an actor trying to imitate the real narck, and imitating him most badly, and posine for his photograph all the time.

Mr. Holl's portrait of Mr. Gladstone is a far better piece of work technically, but his is the Gladstone of the Tory imagination, full of wickedness and evil passion; vindictive, cruel, passionately selfish and vain. I can think of but one word, august, which well describes Mr. Gladstone when you see him at his best. There is nothing on this canvas to suggest that word to the beholder; nor to suggest any of the nobler qualities which belong to the great Liberal leader. quoted to you in a brief note by cable what was said by a spectator: that Mr. Holl had made Mr. Gladstone look like a dynamiter-" made him look like the chief dynamiter" was the exact phrase; and I could not be sure whether it was used jubilantly or indignantly. When Mr. Richmond's portrait was exhibited at the Grosvenor, year or two ago, there were Tories who went about declaring themselves avenged on their enemy, on the man whom they hideously describe murderer of Gordon. One of them said: He looks like the murderer he is," and another: No. like a convicted murderer, which he is not. This ferocity of speech ought not, perhaps, to be put into print for any purpose, yet it is part of the history of the time, and unless you know how people of position permit themselves to talk of Mr. Gladstone, you can get but a faint notion of the real hatred of him which exists and is daily and hourly expressed. Mr. Holl, I believe, went to Hawarden, as Mr. Richmond went to Friedrichsruh; and his journey has proved even more disastrous. There is power in this Gladstone portrait, and none in that of Prince Bismarck, but the most feeble representation would be better than this hateful caricature.

Mr. Holl is a painter of very considerable cacities, and he can very well afford to hear the both when the truth is disagreeable. Where he fails most often is in rendering what is best in a man. He saw the worst in Mr. Gladstone; saw the wrathful side of him, which certainly does exist, and painted him as if convinced that at the bottom of his anger were all the worst motives and passions a man could have. He has either suppressed what is noblest, or not seen it, end he has not even conveyed the impression of dignity which the head gives from no matter what point of view. In the case of Lord Spenser, Mr. Holl's general success is as marked as his fullure with Mr. Gladstone. But he has not felt what I should think every man who meets Lord Spencer must feel: the chivalrous nature of the man and his distinction of character and bearing. He has made him older than he is, but that matters less. Perhaps his Sir William Jenner is, after all, the most perfect of his portraits. He has given his benignant acuteness of expression to the life.

Why did Lord Randolph Churchill choose Mr. Edwin Long to paint his portrait?" queried more people than one at yesterday's private view. The namer is, he did not choose him. This portrait is a present to the Constitutional Club by Mr. Blundell laple, eminent upholder (old English for upolsterer) in Tottenham Court Road, and eminent upholder of the Constitution of the realm in the House of Commons. It was Mr. Blundell Maple who pitched upon Mr. Edwin Long as the mest suitable painter to portray the fiery young champion of Tory Democracy. Was it because the same artist had failed with mark M. Ferry made in journalism, and indeed the Lady Randolph that he was expected to succeed with her husband? He has not succeeded; he has failed dismally. Posterity will refuse to believe the floorest to failed dismally. Posterity will refuse to believe that this weak-faced young man with eyes drop-ping out of his head led England along the primrose path to democratic beliefs. There came past, as I looked, a great dignitary of the Bench; his name no man shall know; nor woman either. He said: " If I were Lord Randolph, 'Damn your eyes' is what I should say to Long." And it would be well said and other things might be said, but Mr. Edwin Long, with his flat, hard, poor painting of big pictures, is not a man to be criticised with much seriousness. Lord Randolph has in fact one of the keenest and strongest of faces, and the London of to-day will not be misled as to him or his looks by Mr. Long's feeble pretti-

It is an open secret that these three men. Prince Bismarck, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Randolph Churchill, do not like each other. If you could make such an effort as to imagine the three ent yesterday in the galleries of the Burlington House, each might be thought to contemplate the portrait of the other two with a certain nustere assent to the views these painters have taken of their several sitters.

Two beautiful women, equally well known in London, have been painted by two very different artists Viscountess Hood by Mr. Richmond, and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon by Mr. Herkomer. Lady Hood has avowedly been posed after a wellknown picture of Mrs. Siddons, and the artist seems really to have tried to present this queen of society as queen of tragedy also. He has surrounded her with accessions which might suit the drawing-room or the stage equally well, but the general impression of the whole is, if not dramatic, theatrical. It ought to be a brilliant portrait; it is showy one. Lady Hood's beauty stood in no need of being set off by all these voluminous draperies and these flowers, nor to be seated as if on a throne. Mr. Herkomer tried a similar experiment with Mrs. Arthur ssoon with a result which, plausible at first, ends by disappointing you. The power of the painting is undeniable, but so is the exaggeration of the attitude; so is the strain after effect, the hot color, the want of refinement in the Mr. Herkomer is attempting too much. This picture, it is true, was painted last year, ut he had already entered upon that effort ed university in art which ambition and great power of work have led him to make, erhaps, without quite clearly calculating all the results. The influence of it on his portraits this year is very marked, and certainly not favor-His Sir John Pender is the work of a man who has put all his energies into the first study and sketch of his subject, and then diverted ost of them elsewhither. The same may be said of others, and it must be added that not one of all Mr. Herkomer's portraits as they are to be seen in the Academy, is really satisfactory to his admirers.

Mr. J. S. Sargent's work has of late years gained something like its due recognition from the critics. if not from the English public. Again this year the critics applaud him, though some of them as if in spite of themselves. His attitude toward the public is still, to some extent, one of defiance, or at best, of cynical, or at least confident, indifference. The two portraits he has sent to America are painted it a style rare indeed on the walls of an English galicry. No exception can be taken to that of Mrs. Marquand unless it be that its coloring is over subdued; a charge no one will ever

the sense of the ludierous has been tried. There is, in fact, in Mr. Sargent himself a perilous sense of what is comic that at times runs away with him; at other times it is a too acute perception of some leading " note" in his subject, on which he dwells, and which becomes on canvas far more conspicuous than it is in the flesh. I will not myself dwell on this " note" in Mr. Sargent's work, but I have thought more than once of late years that he needs to take a pull at the bit. In Mrs. Boit's portrait, again, the color is perhaps wilfully wanting in refinement. That said, it need only be added that there is not in the whole exhibition any single portrait by an English artist comparable to this American work for animation, vitality, life-likeness, intense vividness of conception and realization; perhaps none in which learning and natural art gifts are more happily

The single portrait before which most of these English artists might well stand hat in hand is M. Carolus Duran's Pasteur. The modelling of it, the color, the handling throughout, the simplicity of method which is the last word of art, the perception and rendering of character-all these are admirable. M. Duran has been known to compare himself with Velasquez. He has a Frenchman's capacity for doing justice to his own merits. Study this masterly Pasteur, and you will hardly think he does himself more than justice. Walk through two or three galleries till you come to his other portrait, the Comtesse de Rigo, and you will look about you to see the shade of the great Spaniard rise in protest. Yet even in this astonishing work, in which he has thrown to the winds the ideas of harmony and moderation to which he professes obedience, the hand of the master is visible, and you wonder not only who else would, but who else could, have produced The fit contrast to M. Duran is supplied by no less a person than the president himself in his portrait of Lady Coleridge. What learning and labor have gone to the making of this; what power of drawing, what sentiment of color. Yet you would be only too glad to dispense with some of this minute elaboration of finish, this ivory surface which the scoffer calls wax, these burning carnations. For just at this moment comes Lady Coleridge herself on her husband's arm, in a cool costume of pale gray-green, the quiet elegance of which deserves the murmur of admiration which greets it from the company. And you cannot but observe that when she has passed, the discontent of the gazers with certain qualities of the picture is expressed with as little reserve as Sir Frederick Leighton himself has shown on his canvas.

G. W. S.

THE PARIS SALON,

NOTES OF SOME LEADING WORKS IN THE EXHIBITION OF 1888.

Paris, May 5. The vast number of the works of art, compris

ing paintings, drawings, pastels, engravings and etchings, with sculpture and modellings in all kinds of materials, which form the Salon of 1888, makes it impossible to notice more than a few of the more preminent. There is generally speaking a deal of excellent work which gives a vivid impression of reality, accurate in drawing, low in tone and delicate in coloring; work distinctly showing that the artists have been to nature both for inspiration and for models. While there are few exhibits which go far ahead of all the others, there are numbers which will hold their own wherever henest and faithful representations of nature are understood and appreciated. Bonnat has two capital portraits of Cardinal de Lavigerie and of M. Jules Ferry, the former of life-size, seated at a table with a pen in his hand. The face beams with expression and is full of character; while the long white beard gives the figure a most striking and veneratle appearance. Books are lying on the floor and the Cardinal's hat is on a table. M. Jules Ferry's portrait is little more than a head, but solid and lifelike, and moreover a speaking like-M. Ferry's policy has always been in conjunction with Bourse and banking business. expedition to Tunis was made with a view to bring up a mass of Tunis bonds from the very low figure at which the big men (himself and his brother smong them) had bought them to more than par by making them French securities. The Boneguelma Railway stock was financed in the same way and rose in a single day 375 francs. The first the financial action he exerted in Turkish and Egyptian affairs on behalf of the Franco-Egyptian Bank, of which his brother is a manager, and then they were both in the attempted conversion of the Mexican loan-an attempt unexpectedly thwarted by an all but unknown Mexican lawyer. As M. Ferry was reared a Catholic, the Judaism of his blood was lest sight of. But M. Bonnat shows his insight in the way in which he proclaims M. Ferry to be a Hebrew of the Hebrews, with any amount of browbeating, of "brass," cunning and business capacity and much good nature. He might be a money changer, a gold-coin "sweater," or a deal-

M. Carolus Duran shows two portraits. One is of his daughter and the other of M. Louis Francois, the landscape painter. The young girl is especially charming in suave grace, supple elegance and ease of figure and posture. She is shown sit ting and leaning sideways on a table. The color is lovely. Both have the high quality of this distinonished artist's work.

M. Benjamin Constant exhibits an immense work, painted for the decoration of the new Sorbonne. He calls it "The Academy of Paris: Literature and Science; consisting of groups of allegorical figures." The composition is fairly good and the color brilliant, but excepting for its vast size it calls for no special remark. Very different is the Tryptique of M. Humbert's "Maternity." which is remarkable for its fine feeling and sentiment. The middle panel shows a female figure coming up a path berdered with apple trees, carrying two children in her arms, a boy and a girl. On the right panel the boy-a full-grown man, become a soldier-has been shot and is shown fallen on his face on the field of battle, while on the left the girl is seen working in the fields as a tired and wornout woman. The tone of the groundwork is low and quiet but powerfully realistic and charming. M. Josef Israel's "Sick Nurse" is Rembrandtic and has a penetrating charm. An old weman is lying ill in an old cunboard sort of Dutch bed, while little girl, scated on a stool, is reading to her. It is intensely pathetic and wonderfully executed. M. Baudouin's "Woodman Felling a Beech Tree" would doubtless giadden Mr. Gladstone's heart. It is true in drawing and color. But the men work with a cress-cut saw, which the G. O. M. would regard as a heresy, he going in for the hatchet. M. Rene Gilbert has a fine picture of the dyc-workshop at the Gobelins manufactory, Two men are watching the colors of woollen yarns | building up of the property, by sale to cottagers. for the tapestry work. The surroundings are well arranged and the general effect good.

Bouguereau's picture of "The First Mourn ing" is beautifully treated, though rathef academic. Remorse petrifies the strong man's face as he contemplates the result of his passion. The dead brother lies across his knees while his wife and sister (in one person) kneels at his side. The small picture of a nudity at a bath is in the artist's best style. M. Gerome has two pictures, "The Poet" and "Priest." M. L'Hermittee has surpassed him. self in a family group called " Resting," which may be called a Holy-Family done in a model istic feeling. The group consists of a young mother and child with the husband and father under a stock of wheat-sheaves in a harvest leid. The wondrous drawing and technical skill in the maternal sentiment of the be called a Holy-Family done in a modern and realgroundwork, the maternal sentiment of the healthy, handsome, nursing mother, and the tender feathry, handsome, nursing mother, and the tenter fatherliness of the young reaper's expression as he reclines on a heap of sheaves looking at wife and wean, are lovely. This picture is intended as a set-off against M. Zela's rustic mothers in "La

landscape as in figure, the French school is Mrs. Boit is appended in the catalogue. One is tempted to ask, Is there a Mrs. Boit and is she aware what Mr. Sargent has done by way of painting her portrait? No more daring experiment upon of the country. M. Pelouse has a

close landscape of morning in the woods in which, like Consable, he has actually given the effect of dew on the leaves, with rays of sandight glinting through the giant branches of the forest trees, while a wild pig's family are scarching for roots for their breakinst. This is certainly the masterpiece of the artist. His second picture is a much smaller one, called "November," but very firmly painted. M. Zuber has two pictures, a forest in winter and "On the Sand Hills," both exquisite, conclusively showing the artist's knowledge of nature in the selection of forms of the trees and dead grass and ferns of the foreground. M. Wateiin's long rock in the forest of Fontainbleau is another grand landscape, full of truth and seatiment. M. Isembart sends a picture on which the air plays and the sunshine warms everything into life, called "A Heath," while M. Landelies has a fine autumn landscape, "Les Bords de la Sauldre," low in tone, but real-istle in form and strong in effect. M. Guillemet's two pictures, "La Chapelle des Marins" and "La Plaine de Coyeux," are both in the charming category, and M. Yon's "Orage dans la Plaine d'Enfer a Cayeux" is very effective. Madame La Vilette sends one of her rough sen pieces, all spray, ozone and freshness, and M. Eugene Berthelm has a large picture. "Rough Weather During the Building of a Breakwater at Treport," in which the heavy sea is treated with telling realism.

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There are great numbers of water colors and erayon drawings, many of which are remarkable for their truth to nature. Here are names to class in the first-rates of this category: MM. Didder, Herst, Simon Bourdelhat. Paul Roux, Froyssok, Lefevre and Edmond Richard. Mr. Edward Combe, of Australia, sends a splendid thine, "La Perouse," or the site where the unfortunate French navigator made at Boteny Ray the place of his encamement before his shipwreek, in which he and all his erew went down in 1788. The Australians have erected a monument in his honer, and called the locality La Perouse. Mr. Combe's drawing shows that the artist, who by the by is a highly successful New Scath Wales politician and has been Minister of Public Works and Public Instruction, hugs nature as sailors "hug" a coast. He is master of technique, plays with difficulties and puts his soul into his work. The sea is quiet; but the sky portends storm. In fact the sentiment is one that portends disaster. If La Perouse left under such a sky, his weather eye would not have been open. There are great numbers of water colors a

GLANCES HERE AND THERE.

PASSING NOTES ON MEN AND THINGS THAT · ATTRACT ATTENTION.

A story is being fold among club men about Mayor Hewitt, which is asserted to be true. It has at least the air of plausibility and creates a hearty laugh because it hits off one of that official's idiosyneracies. There is a firm of Democrats on Broadway, both members of which have a quiet pull in city affairs which takes them frequently to the City Hall. One of these gentlemen is inclined to look always on the bright side of tife, while the other sees the clouds rather than the sunshine. It would seem as though they would not get along well in business, but the contrary is true.

They make a full team. The other day something went wrong with one of their little schemes and each jumped to the conclusion that Mayor Hewitt should be seen. Without communicating with each other each struck a bee line for the City Hall. They arived there within diffeen minutes of each other. Neither knew of the other's visit until afterward. This is what happened. The cheerful man went in to see the Mayor. morning, Mr. Mayor," he said. "It is a pleasant morning and you are looking remarkably well." The Mayor looked up quickly as he said in reply, in his nervous manner: "Yes, I had the first good sleep last night I've had in a month. If I can only get a little peace here to day I'll feel like a new man." The visitor took this gentie hint and with a few more pleasantries of the day walked out without presenting his business at all. He had not been gone ten minutes when his partner of the sour visage walked in. "Good morning Mr. Mayor, said the last comer. "You don't look well. I am afraid you still steep badly. You look The Mayor looked up as before and with a badly." voice that had a twinge of insomnia and dyspepsia in it said: "Yes, I feel badly. I didn't get a wink of sleep last night and I haven't had a good night's sleep in a month. If I could only get a little peace here to-day, I'd be all right again." Visitor No. 2 tool this as a hint and he also walked out without presenting his business. They have since compared notes and are wondering if the Mayor did not " play" it on them.

There has been more or less talk about the late ex-Senator Conkling since his burial at Utica. There are not a few who believe that the malady to which his strong nature finally succumbed was one of longstanding and growth. Detective Pryor, the big athlete who protects the Fifth Avenue Hotel guests from rogues and scalawags, was Mr. Conkling's swim ning companion at Manhattan Beach for two or three Mr. Conkling was a great swimmer. could float in the water for hours, and is said to have gone to sleep floating, and to have slept for an hour or more in that position. He was "notional" about his bathing costumes. He kept two, and alternated their use, so that he might always be sure his suit alcohol. Detective Prvor savs that he believes the trouble in Conkling's head was contracted long ago. He said: "Frequently when Barnev has been rubbing the Senator with alcohol, he has put his right hand up to his head, behind his ear, and asked first Barney and then myself, if there was not a swelling or lump there. At his request we have often based our hands over that spot on his head, but neither of us could discover any swelling. After I read about his abscess. I remembered how he used to act in the bathing-house, and it seems to me that he had some all-ment that was in progress long ago,"

An old resident of Utica relates that when a young nan, Mr. Conkling used to seek secladed spots in the Mohawk Valley, where for hours he would speak to the hills, the trees, the running water and th skies, gestleulating earnestly all the time. Occasionally his voice could be heard long distances, startling the workmen in the fields, or passers-by on the roads

Subway Commissioner Gibbens rarely goes on the dreet without a red rose in his buttonhole which contrasts strongly with his pale cheeks. Chatting yesterday about New-York City, he said: "Taken as whole the municipality of New-York is in worse condition than any city of its size in the world. You cannot open the earth gaywhere in its boundaries that you do not find it fall of sewer gas. Its streets are in horrible condition. Its sewage runs out into the river and is backed up by tidewater as far as Newburg, mitting stench and positionce. Its plers are rotten, and its warehouses for shipping are ridiculously inad-equate. Why, everything brough to this port must be carried off the wharf, across the street, to find warehouse room. These thougs are all known to the city authorities, but no one has yet secured a sufficient-ly comprehensive view and grasp of them to suggest any permanent remedy."

"You would be surprised," continued the Commisdoner, changing the subject, "to learn how many people there are in New-York who are ineculated with this falth cure craze. It amounts to a furore In some circles. They have lectures, schools where the methods are taught, and both private and pub-He practice of the faith. It is as remarkable as buther R. Marsh's halfucination. I went recently to one of the lectures with a friend who had great faith in the cure. I listened for an hour to the lecturer without gaining a single bit of information or a single new idea, when he suddenly came down to business and wanted each and every came down to buy a \$5 book, in which he said the faith cure was all explained. I then saw perfectly the whole point of the system.

The proprietor of the new hotel at Coronado Beach on the Southern coast of California, E. S. Babecck, who is a guest at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, is a siender man of perhaps thirty-eight, whose head is dispro-portionately large for his body. He has developed marked executive ability, and is at the head of the Coronado Beach Company, which is engaged in the Mr. Babcock spent several winters in Florida. know almost every foot of ground in Florida," said he. "I went into the Indian River country nine or ten years ago when it was a wilderness, indeed, I have shot and fished all over the State. I was in the Everglades before Mr. Disston projected his canal to drain them. I have never thought the canal would effect proper drainage. Florida cannot compare in any way with Southern California as to climate. have no hot weather at Coronado. Last summer there was only one day on which the thermometer registered was only one day on which the thermometer registered 85 degrees. On three other days it was above 80, but for all the rest of the hot season it was below 80. At high the temperature runs down to 45 or 50. You cannot take your flannels off at any season of the year. Such a thing as a linen sut or a linen dress is unknown at San Diego. Then, there are no mosquitoes or fleas to bother you. I remember when in Florida the heat and the fleas hearly set me wild at times.

Every fair afternoon, as the pedestrians become numerous in Broadway above Twenty-third-st., little groups of half a obzen or more flashily dressed men may be observed standing just a few feet off Broadway on the west side at the curb of sidewalks in Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth, Twenty-seventh, Twentyeight and Twenty-ninth sts. Some of them are young the fellows with bottom-half bouquets, others are of mature gears and hardened faces. Their common occupation the is the same, that of staring at and commenting upon a ladies who may pass by. Some of their remarks are

insulting loud and vulgar, but they are careful to ing ladies. This may account for the fact that the broadway police do not interfere in their indecent procedure. The insults offered man would either step over and knock some of them down or make their occupation known to the police. The loafers who follow this practice are said to be mostly gambiers from done in the neighborhood. It is time they were scattered by the police. go unreported, whereas a gentle-

James R. Davies, who is one of the leading spirits in the Federal Club, looks like an Englishman. has a full florid face with white side whiskers and mustache. In the Garfield campaign of 1880, he organized what was known as the Arthur Battery first voters. There were some ninety members, all young men of the XXIst Assembly Diltriet, who were to cast their first votes for President, who made up this organization. It proved to be an influential one. Rearly all who were members of it are Federal Club members and the club may be said to have had its foundation in the Arthur Baitery.

Ex-Marshal A. L. Morison, of Arizona, who was on of General John A. Logan's close friends, was with the General a few days after the election was declared. "Black Jack" was in one of his frank moods. Among other things he said: "My personal disappointment is naturally great, but that I can stand. What grinds me is to think that after this old body of mine has been shot through and through, a Rebel sympathizer, a Confederate, a man worse than a Confederate, is to be elected over me. I think sometimes that I do not eare to sit in the Senate with Headrichts presiding there. What is particulum, if such things come to a man who risks life for country?"

" Plunger" Walton comes over to New-York occasion ally from Philadelphia, where he is running a hotel. He is prosperous there, and his place of abode here is the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He has grown stout, almost fat, and is more careless of his dress than in the o days when he was making trackmen wild by his erratic methods. He says he has no finger in turf matters now, but keeps one eye gently turned that way. He made and lost three fortunes there, and it is not to be wondered that it still occupies some place in his

sayings were among the features of the early days of Barnum's circus, is an occasional pedestrian in Broad-He looks like a Pennsylvania farmer-not very prosperous either. It is said that he laid away a saug bank account against a rainy day, and has a farm in the Keystone State, where he keeps pet ponies and donkey with which to amuse himself and remind him of the day of spangles and sawdisst. Dan Rice was the prince of clowns in his day. No other man, before or share, has enjoyed his popularity and renown. He is nearly slaty years of age now. When he shuffles off this mortal coll, the speech of Hamlet in the graveyard on finding the skull of Yorlek will be appropriate. Dan Rice was a fellow of "infinite mirth" in his time.

Ex-Congressman Samuel B. Dick, of Meadville, down at the pier to see the Alaska sail for Europe a few days ago. It bore his son across the water. Mr. Dick is an old Stalwart and has never been a Blaine man, but when an Irishman on the deck of the Alash just as she was pulling out, lifted his hat to the crowd on the wharf and yelled: "Three cheers for James G. Blaine," it was too much for his good nature and he names, it was too means the country of the country

The flowers of spring are not more certain to blo than the proprietors of summer hotels are to comdown in a swarm on New-York seeking for willing victims. The first of the brigade have appeared in the persons of Mr. Paige, of the Hotel Kaaterskill, and W. B. Gage, of the United States Hotel at Saratoga. Mr. Gage was accompanied by his room clerk, O. J. Brown, who has been so long with the hotel as to considered a permanent fixture of the house. None of considered a permanent fixture of the house. None of the thousands of guests there in summer time will ever forget his long grayish black whishers and binni countenance. It is said that he can tell a newcomer, "All full," with greater composure than any man in his profession. Mr. Gage said yesterday: "Our Saratoga season is generally gauged by the early booking engagements in this month. From that standpoint we have now an outlook for a remarkable season. This is the Presidential year, when Saratoga has always been noughly."

In discussing California affairs recently W. A. Holabird, of San Diego, said among other things: "The end of the speculative craze has come in Southern Cal ornia and has been attended by unexpected good results. Having ceased to speculate the people have gone to work diligently to develop and improve their land and make the most of it. This is country wants. Thousands upon thousands of acres of land are being planted with vineyards and crange groves. This development, with the mildness of the elimate, will make California's feture great. At San Diego we think we have the future health resort of the continent. It has physical beauties far exceeding any other place with a similar climate on the globe."

"This talk about Mr. Blaine's fill health and the efforts of his enemies to bury him," said a well-known St. Louis man yesterday, "remind me that I recently had a conversation with Dr. Henry H. Mudd, of our city, on the subject of Mr. Blaine's condition. Dr. Mudd saw him at Fort Gibson, and has already stated in the press that Mr. Blaine had no organic disease whatever. In his conversation with me he told the stery of an eminent surgeon and a patient upon who he had operated whose facial nerve was cut in the removal of a tumor. This left his patient unable to close one eye and with hts mouth pulled to the opclose one eye and with his mouth pulled to the opposite side of his face. Every time the surgeon saw
the man coming down the street with that staring
eye and the one-sided grin on his face, he would cross
over and walk by on the other side of the street and
wonder how long the man could live. The patient
outlived the surgeon. It is Mr. Blaine's far-seeing
eye that worries some of his enemies into the hope and
bellef that he is sich."

EMPRESS VICTORIA AND THE GERMANS.

From The St. James's Gazette, London.

From The St. James's Gazette, London.

We were ourselves, once upon a time, exceedingly unlimit to the Prince Consort, and we ought to remember this when we erfitiese our neighbors. Had the positions becovered and he survived the Queen, I cannot think his lot would have been at all a happy one in England. Twithings are singular in the real or supposed unpopularity of the Empress—first, that she should be upbraided to being too English, whereas the most Teutonic of princesse could scarcely be more entirely German in blood. She ha had, we may say, in her genealory three Fuglish-bern an English-feeling ancestors; her great-grandfather, George III. (the first of our Hanoverian Rings who had the leas pretonsion to be English, her grandfather, the Duke of a German mother; while the Empress herself is the daughter of a German mother; while the Empress herself is the daughter of a German instead. Her Impedial Majesty has spoke German servants and governesses. On our side, were inot for the present complete popularity and warm and goneral sentiment of home regard and possession which the royal family enjoy among us, it might easily be that we should upbraid the House of Guelph with being too German. Granting the royal necessity for a foreign consent, which it seems impossible to surmount, no less toreign consent, which it seems impossible to surmount, no less toreign consent than the Empress is could have been imagined. To be sure, that has been no less a necessity in Germany than anywhere else in the world. German princesses have always abounded for all the purposes of State. Still a Princess of Great Britain, and Ireland (not to say a Princess Royal) differs in some degree from a Mechienburg or a Hesse.

family more vigorous than the royal family of Ergiand de-not exist anywhere. The work they get through in ti-most conscientious business-like way would kill off in-year or two a delicate or unhealthy race. Out of all h-large family, the Queen has had but one delicate chil-the late Duke of Albany; all the rest of our Princess as Princesses are hale and hearty; no pale spectres have ev-gathered about our royal board. They travel, go throus the most tedious formalities, bow till our sympathetic neel ache merely to see it, stand till our sympathetic limit tremble under us, and are ever ready to be called upon fo-a thousand uninteresting duties. The Queen herself is it tremble under us, and are ever ready to be called upon for a thousand uninteresting duties. The Queen herself is ta-from young, as must be allowed. She is a great-grand mother; but there are not many working women whe within sight of seventy would be considered capable by themselves or any one else of doing the work carried on by our Sovereign without either complaint or applause. We ery shame upon ourselves and each other when we find the grandmother of the cottage still toiling. Something must be done for her: that, at least, cannot be allowed to recorbe done for her; that, at least, cannot be allowed to go ay. But the Queen always goes on: takes leaves across Europe, presents hereoff, after travellights in succession, untired, really for everything. we nights in succession, untired, realy for everything, to brongs of gazing strangers, although we all know that to e stared at and crowded is not naturally agreeable to He be stared at and crowded is not naturally agreeable to Her Majesty. And it is the Queen's daughter who is supposed to have brought a strain of weakness to the Prussian house! The old Emperor, like many other younger potentites, was belstered up periodically with baths and cures. The Queen requires no Gastein, no healing and scothing waters. I heard a whimsteal story not long ago of a young servant at Windsor who had, been reprimanded for falling addeep before his work was over. It was his duty to put out the humps. "Nobody oughth't to sit up so late," the young man grumbled in his self-defence. It was the Queen busy over work, who kept this humble attendant out of bed. And the Queen's fandly are like her. There is not a sickly child among her descendants. It is time that all odlous whispers should be coatradicted. Let the goastps mame a family less subject to illness in any class of society. Nobody can do this, but in the meantime it is easy to whisper about invisible taints where no such thing is.

DEESSING UP " THE TALL SYCAMORE."

From The Minneapolis Tribune.

Westerner-You say Gladstone is great shalks on tree cuttin.

GOSSIP AT THE CAPITAL.

WHAT MEN ARE SAYING AND DOING THERE WASHINGTON, May 19.-The fact that the rece a picture of the late Vice-President Thomas A. He dricks to act as a rallying point for enthusiastic Hooslerdom, and had to send out hurriedly for a replica of his well-known lineaments, has drastic effect upon the owners of various boomlets and has moreover inured largely to the benefit of the local photographer; but The Physical Wreck, as I am informed, required no such adventitious aid to his ingenious mind. For months past, I am advised, he has had ready, not one merely, but two counterfelt presentments of his engaging countenance and Apollo like form. These have been limned in oil " with cun ning art," and are, I am told, full-length likenesses The one designed to appeal to the younger and more ambitious delegates in the St. Louis Convention rep resents Black as a sergeant-major of the 11th Indian Zouaves. The gaiters, baggy inexpressibles and red Zouave cap in this fliustration are designed to be peculiarly effective. The other and final illustration evidently aims at being a regular "crusher," so to speak; as it depicts the fraudulent pensioner in the cheste and sombre garments of official greatness while upon his soldier-loving heart, pinned to the left lapel of his black frock-coat, the Grand Army badge shines out conspicuously-the badge of that organiza tion, in fact, which he has continuously labored to dis-

credit and destroy.

Each view, doubtless to prevent mistakes, is simply but largely labelled with name and rank; the advertisement last described being docketed with true Spa ian brevity: "General John C. Black, Commissioner of Pensions." I learn that a guard of honor, appoint from the ranks of his own clerks, and service rules, has already been told off to accompany these precious specimens of pre-Raphaelite art to Louis, at their own expense, and to hurral for the Physical Wrech" in the convention hall, where they fondly hope to "run in" the advertisements upon the stage, while the band plays "In the Sweet By-and-By," "When I Can Read My Title Clear," "The Rogue's March," or some such appropriate and exhilarating air.

Some of Black's fuglemen will then, doubtless, rise and explain why in his electioneering tour in Brooklyn last August, he publicly approved Cleveland's order for the return of the robel flags, and also how many of his master's pension vetoes he, Black, caused to be prepared and recommended. Meanwhile, I am told that Black has given pledges to the Southern wing of the Democracy, that in the event of his receiving the nomination to the Vice-Presidency, he will forthwith every Republican employe still remaining in his office.

Colonel " Bob" Ingersoll must have laughed to him self last Tuesday, when his old friend, Mrs. Heckman met him at the Capitol, as he was strolling from the Senate to the House, and said:

"Colonel, I have a message from Mr. Conkling had a long talk with him a day or two ago through trance medium. He told me to tell you that since he has been in spirit-land, where all things of earth are perfectly clear to him, he sees that he was on the wrong side in the telephone case, and so were you. He says neither Bell nor Drawbaugh is entitled to patent; that it rightfully belongs to a son of Justice Woods, of either Rochester or Buffalo, N. Y. says that long before Bell took out a patent, Woods had nodels in the Patent Office for transmitting sound through and by water, without any wire at all."

Mrs. Heckman is a benevotent old lady who has spens many winters in Washington lobbying for charities and laws locking to moral reforms. She is a lady of property and her son is a judge in one of the Terri She became acquainted with Mr. Conkling and Colonel Ingersoll and nearly every other public man in the many winters here, during which she has been at the Capital almost every day. Mrs. Heckman says that everything Mr. Conkling

told her through the trance medium is true, and she as erts that the Western Union has recently begun a suit in Chicago against the Bell patent, and in favor of Woods who has sold a large part of his interest to that company.

This interview with Mr. Conbling was had through a New-York trance medium, a Mrs. Woodhouse wh Mrs. Woodhouse is a very handsome woman, about forty years of age. She has a noticeably fine figure, and she dresses richly she is a very light blonde and has beautiful teeth. Tuesday night Mrs. Woodhouse gave a scance at the house of Senator Palmer. She charges well for every message she brings from the spirit land-depend upon that. The richer the "customer" the heavier the charge. I wonder how much Senator Palmer had to pay?

It has never been my happy privilege to be present at any of the "hearings" accorded to attorneys by "The Physical Wreck," at which momentous questions of pension law are judicially decided; but understand that the pompous solemnity which prerails upon such occasions puts our Supreme Court utterly to shame, and suggests the awe-inspiring grandeur of Westminster Hall, during the trial of a Warren Hastings or a Queen Charlotte. I am told that during one of these hearings in which the pension case of an ex-general was being argued, Mr. James M. Ward, Law Clerk of the Pension Bureau, and the same bibulous and erratic worthy who tried conclusions with THE TRIBUNE the other day, appeared, as is customary for the Crown."

Br'er Ward made a long argument adorned with many lofty flights of eloquence against the claimant, to which Black listened with his usual fat, smug, selfcomplacent smile, and his henchman sat down con rinced that he had dealt his oppenent a regular facer." The attorney for the pensioner made reply after the usual fashion, and at the close of his remarks

"But my learned brother has omitted a most im portant citation, yer Honah, in support of his most

ble and eloquent argument." "I fall to recall it, Mr. Blank," remarked "the beals," with pursed-up lips and all the profound sententiousness of his extra-judicial manner.

"It is to be found in the books," replied the attorney, "and if yer Honah will deign to allow me, I will cite it, as I have ft here."

Whereupon, taking up an open book, with the place properly marked, the attorney proceeded: You will find the procedent which my learned brothah appears to have forgotten, but which hight fittingly have closed and characterized his showing of the case, duly set forth in one of our highest author ities on English Common Law, and I respectfully refer yer Honah to it. Here is the book: Dickens 2; the celebrated case of ' Bardell vs. Pickwick': where the learned Sergeant Buzfuz, Q. C., makes that telling point 'Chops and tomato sauce, gentlemen."

I have been told that the Law Clerk of the Pension Bureau made no rejeinder, and that, like Abner Dean of Angel's, whom Brets Harte so musically celebrateswhen the "chunk of old red sandstone hit him in the abdomen"-" the subsequent proceedings interested him

When Mr. Kennedy, of Ohio, in his speech last Tuesday alluded to the Rev. Bobert J. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, there was hearty applause on the Repub-Hean side.

The present Mr. Brecklaridge once told the story upon a "young relative" that when he got into his gray uniform and was about to join his company, he met the Rev. Robert J. The young man put out his hand in some trepidation, but the old man drew back as though his young kinsman's touch were pollution

"So you are going to join the rebel army. father brought you to me in his arms, a struggling infant, and asked that I might baptize and dedicate you to the service of Almighty Ged; but had I known at that hour that you would ever betray your country and join the ranks of those who were attempting to destroy it, I could have found it in my heart to have

strangled you at the baptismal font!" And," said the young man afterward, " he wore an awful look and clenched his fingers as though he had a mind to strangle me there and then."

Another Kentuckian tells me that years afterward. when the incident was mentioned to Mr. Breckinridge, he smiled sadly and said in his quaint way, with a twinkle in his eye:

"Well, poor boy, he had some excuse after all for going to the war. If he had remained he would have been a student with Brother McIntosh and obliged to listen to his preaching."

The presence of ex-Congressman Page, of Call-

foraia, in Washington recalls an incident of the XLIVIA Congress which has never been mentioned in print. The incident was brought more forcibly to mind from seeing Mr. Page and Colonel Morr'son chatting together in Willard's Hotel the other day, It was in the closing hours of that Congress, which had been in continuous session for some time, and amid the usual scenes of excitement and uproar. The struggle to get private measures through before

the death of that Congress was a fierce one Mr. Page stood in front of the Speaker and struggled to get recognition while Colonel Morrison stood near by, doing the same thing.

"Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker," shouted Page again and again, but Mr. Randall paid no attention to him. Suddenly Colonel Morrison shouted:

"Mr. Speaker, do not recognize the gentleman from California. This is pernicious legislation?

"You are a liar," yelled Mr. Page, "you are yourself trying to throw a fire-brand into the House."

Morrison looked at the Californian. Both were

white with rage. Suddenly Morrison seized Page by the whiskers and shook his head till, as Morrison s "his teeth raitled," and giving Page's whishers a final twist, the future Interstate Railroad Commissioner

began shouting "Mr. Speaker" again.

The Speaker dured not take notice of the affair, for the House was in no condition then to judge of the indignity offered to one of its members. Mr. Page simply turned his back on Morrison and walked away.

Speaking about the affair yesterday Colonel Morrison said: "The most amusing thing about the affair was the conduct of Lamar. He said to me, after everything was over: 'Why in the world did you selze his beard with your right hand? He might have cut you all to pieces. Always use your left hand to grab a man's beard, and handle your weapons with your right."

When Congressman Hogg, of West Virginia, first came here he had some fresh notions about things. He took a free bath in the House bath-room and discovering no evil effects to follow the experience, went to the House restaurant and ordered a big dinner "with full trimmings." He stepped up to the cigar stand, got three eigars, lighted one and started to go out. The walter followed him and said:

"You've forgotten your check, sah; here it is." "That's all right," said Mr. Hogg airly, "I am a Member." And, in an endeavor to hide his own new-

"You must be a new waiter here," "No, sah, I'm an old walter, but you being a Member

don't make no difference about de check."

Mr. Hogg turned to Colonel "Sam" Denaldson in great indignation, which Sam soothed with his usual diplomacy. Mr. Hogg paid for his dinner, but his estimation of the greatness of a Congressman fell proportionately.

The Hon. P. W. Grimes, of Columbus, Ga., who is a member of the House, has reason to know that there is another man by his name in Washi The other P. W. Grimes, however, happens to be a dressmaker, a ladies' tailor. More than once the bachelor Georgia Congressman has found himself flushing a little under the influence of suggestive notes in unknown female handwriting. Mr. Grimes has old-time ideas of gallantry, and of course he never shows any letter that he may by mistake open, which is not intended for him. Nevertheless, a friend of his does tease him by saying that he got a letter the other day addressed to him that began:

"Dear Mr. Grimes: I fear you have squeezed me too tight about the waist," etc.

Congressman Grimes swears these are stories the boys make up on him, and maybe they are. While such statements to a bachelor Congressman might not be regarded as entirely proper, they assume a different and a more prosate meaning addressed to P. W. Grimes, dressmaker.

When some of his brother Senators on the Republican side wish to hector the genial "Joe" Blackburn, of Kentucky, they fling at him an assertion which they pretend to believe he made in a speech at dinner in Washington, viz: "Upon my honor, gentlemen, I assure you that I never in my life shot a nigger without provocation unless I was in liquor." Manderson is always tornenting Blackburn about that speech, but Blackburn has some pretty good, things with which he hits back at his Nebraska friend.

There is an amiable directness about Representative Frank Lawler and a candor which is truly re-freshing, and no doubt causes the "toiling masses" of the great city of Chicago, whom he represents in Congress, to "grapple him to their hearts with hooks There is, fortunately, no doubt as to the side upon which Mr. Lawler will range himself in the great questions which are now agitating the public mind, for I hear that the distinguished gentleman referred to recently delivered himself to a knot of admiring friends about as follows:

"Of called upon the Prisidint an' tould him that be wuz Prisidint, an' that this wuz a Refor-r-um Administration, an' that retrinchmint an' refor-rum was had advoised all me frinds in Congriss to vote fur the Refer-r-um bill." (Anglice the Tariff bill.) "But afther all, Of do have more responsibilitee than any man in Congriss. Of do riprisint the graate commer-cial cities of Chicago, an' wan av me constitudints, a mimber av the Boord av Traade, is here aven now, an' Of am tould he's bin a pasintin' the town rid ivvery blissid noight, an' a drivin' up an' down the avenue in wan av thim domed little hop-o-me-thumb boogles, an' Oi hould that sich conduct is not compoortin himsilf wid proper dignitee for a mimber of

the Boord he riprisints !" In moments of decorous and patriotic excitement I understand that Mr. Lawier's shibboloth smacks somewhat of the "Owld Dart," and every well-conducted American citizen will sympathize with the worthy representative in his righteous indignation that his recalcitrant townsman should thus seek to "incarnadine" the peaceful streets and avenues of the Nation's Capital.

Said a Tennessee man.

"So we are to have another year of "Fiddling Bob" in our State; for having been nominated h will doubtless be elected, though he has made himself bitter pill to swallow by the old-line Democrats. He is popular with the young and carcless and liberal, but the bitter o'd war Bourbons frown upon him and scowl and expectorate fiercely when his name is mentioned."

"The idea," said another Tennessee man, "of a man fiddling his way into the lofty office of Governor of the great State of Tennessee, and fiddling for Republicans after he got there. It is an outrage and undignified, But all the same this man will vote for "Bob."

The campaign of "Bob and Alf" will be recalled by all. It was the greatest farce ever put upon the political stage. "Bob" was the Democratic candidate "Aif" was the Republican, and their father was the Prohibition candidate. The whole Taylor family. was running for the same office and the whole affair was great fun for Tennessee. Both brothers carried fiddies and after their speaking was done they would play ducts for the crowd that flocked to enjoy the Taylor brothers' show. The contest was called the War of the Roses, the red rose having been adopted by the Republicans and the while by the Democra's.

Some of the meetings hold in this "brother act" campaign were the greatest ever known in the South. For instance at the Huntington meeting the rival cavalcades stretched in line across the country over ten miles, every horse and mule and all the wagons edecked with the colors of "Alf" on the one hand and "Bob" on the other. "Bob's" Democracy was sur pected of being only skin-deep, and no one was surprised when soon after inauguration he began playing into Republican hands till the Democracy was howling with rage, and "Bob," at most a weak and frivelens man, yielded to the outery. what nearly lost him his renomination.

If the Republicans again renominate "Alf" there will be the same war over again. "Alf" is by far the stronger and abler man of the two.

SHE HAD NEVER SEEN ONE BEFORE. From The Buffalo Express.

From The Buffalo Express.

"My wife was a modest country daisy when I make ried her, and her ignorance of the institutions of city life was so dense that I nicknamed her Galaica," said one of a party of gentlemen who were exchanging matrimonial reminiscences. "We began housekeeping at once, and one day I sent home a sideboard with a bevelled mirror as a surprise to my better half. She met me at the door that evening with the customary kiss and the exclamation: "George, that burean is just too lovely for anything. I had it taken straight up stairs into the spare chamber. But tell me, dear, have you bought a bedstead to match it?"

Result of Merit.

discriminating people, it is pretty good evidence that there is merit somewhere. Few. if any, medicines have met with such continued success and popularity as

has marked the progress of Brandreth's Pills, which, after a trial of over fifty years, are conceded to be the safest and most effectual blood purifiers

tonic and alterative ever introduced to the public. That this is the result of merit, and the Brandreth's Pills pertorn all that is claimed for them, is conclusively proved by the fact that

those who regard them with the greatest favor are those who have used them the longest.

Brandreth's Pills are sold in every drag and medicine store, either plain or sugar coated